

## Annotations of an Autopsy

### "Talking"

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The answer is useless  
As the question is obvious  
It's so senseless  
To never comprehend and just get stuck  
Love, nothing waits for us

I was never one for talking  
You of anyone should know  
That I could never keep you walking  
Could never heat your frigid soul

Don't let your life decay through you  
Don't stitch this lie to you to make it true

It's my ocean  
As I dig up your grave  
To ask you when, love  
You're getting home again

I was never one for talking  
You of anyone should know  
That I could never keep you walking  
Could never heat your frigid soul

Don't let your life decay through you  
Don't stitch this lie to you to make it true  
Just make it true

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